10c. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. III **SEPTEMBER, 1908** **No. 7**

THE LATEST POLICE OUTRAGE

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

POLICE brutality and outrage against Anarchists have become such an every-day occurrence, that one no longer feels inclined to refer to them.

However, the latest "bravery" is so flagrant, so unspeakably brutal, that we can not possibly keep silent.

Comrade Alex. Berkman and a young girl friend, Miss E., were arrested, at a meeting of the unemployed, at Cooper Union, on Labor Day without the slightest provocation. They were brutally hustled out of the hall and fairly dragged to the station house. There they were received by a wild, raging, foaming human beast, Lieutenant Brenner, with the "kind and Christian" remark, "Yous ought to be brought here on a stretcher."

This disgraceful member of the human family must have waited for such a golden opportunity to show his heroic devotion to his trade of bullying people. At any rate, when Comrade H. Havel called at the station house to see Berkman, and asked on what charge he was being kept, the uniformed bully fairly yelled in his face, "We'll land him this time," and he kept his promise.

Until midnight Attorney Meyer London and H. Havel waited in the station to assist our arrested friends, when they will be taken before the night court. But they were assured that the hearing will not take place until morning.

No sooner had the lawyer and Havel departed, when Miss E. and Berkman were hustled over to court and tried without a chance of hearing or counsel. Comrade

Berkman was railroaded to the workhouse for five days and Miss E. fined $10. Fortunately, dear staunch friend Bolton Hall had rushed to the scene and paid her fine, else she too would have had to go to the Island.

The charge against her was vagrancy, as she refused to give her address, not wishing to annoy the people she was living with. Berkman was tried on disorderly conduct.

The morning press was full of bloodcurdling accounts of the "intentions and doings" of the Anarchists, and how the prompt action of the police prevented a "riot."

The newspaper flunkeys, about as coarse and vulgar as their uniformed brothers, glory in the fact that the officers landed one boy a blow in the jaw and knocked another one down.

Wonderful spirit of liberty and human decency, is it not?

Now, what are the real facts about the whole matter?

The Brotherhood Welfare Association of New York held a parade and meeting of the unemployed, at Cooper Union.

Dr. Ben. L. Reitman, Chicago organizer of that Association, had been invited, as one of the speakers. Unfortunately he caught a severe cold, and, unable to concentrate on what he had intended to say at the meeting, he asked me to prepare a paper, which he would read. The Doctor probably thought that most of the speakers were either unfamiliar with the conditions of the unemployed, or too weakkneed to treat it in a radical manner.

That Dr. Reitman is well known and liked by society outcasts was very apparent by the ovation he was given when he began to read the manuscript, his voice hardly being audible. But the enthusiasm reached high tide when our Hobo friend announced, in his usual frank manner, that the paper was prepared by Miss Emma Goldman. (The readers will find the speech on another page.)

Naturally a commotion followed, especially among the "Gentlemen" speakers, who felt compromised. A certain Oberwager, well known as the worst lickspittle and yellow dog in trade union ranks, launched into the Doctor and Anarchism, in a most ferocious manner boasting of his great feat in having just knocked down a boy for distributing the anarchistic panic pamphlets.

Comrade Berkman quietly rose and called the speaker's attention to the fact that Dr. Reitman was no longer in the hall, and that it was unfair, to say the least, to attack a man who could not reply.

Thereupon several detectives fairly jumped on Berkman and Miss E., pulling, kicking and dragging them out of the hall.

The audience protested, but American audiences have too terrible an awe for the sacredness of authority to show a really vigorous and manly protest which would teach the uniformed bullies a lesson, once for all.

In no country, Russia not exempt, would the police dare to exercise such brutal power over the lives of men and women.

In no country would the people stand for such beastliness and vulgarity. Nor do I know of any people who have so little regard for their own manhood and self-respect as the average American citizen, with all his boasted independence.

Poor outraged, abused Goddess of Liberty, no foreign land has so little place for you as your own native soil.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

RUSSIAN roubles are ever sufficiently plentiful to induce "highly respectable" American lawyers to act as the agents of the Tsar's Third Section. But that Russian influence has grown so powerful with our Federal government as to dictate the decision to extradite a political refugee is a development urgently requiring serious consideration.

We have taken powerful strides within recent years along the road of imperialism and autocracy. Yet, there are some among us who still cherish old-time republican traditions. And the most sacred of them is the right of asylum for the victims of a tyrant's persecution. It has ever been our proud boast that we welcome the political refugees of the Old World. And though we should exclude Tolstoy as one who disbelieves in organized government, still we have never yet stooped to the rôle of gendarme for the malicious cretin on the banks of the Neva.

Are we now to turn bloodhounds for the Russian Nero? Shall we feed human victims to the crimson jaws of the savage Bear? Are we going to extradite Jan Pouren?

Pouren is a Lettish revolutionist who valiantly fought under the banner of liberty during the Baltic uprising. Even the careful official misrepresentations of the local Russian representative did not succeed in suppressing this fact. The effrontery of the Russian government in demanding Pouren's extradition as a "common criminal" is surpassed only by the damnable servility of Immigration Inspector Shields in obsequiously granting the tyrant's demands.

Free-born American citizens of a nobler day, their love of liberty thus outraged, would have quickly presented this flunky with the feathery decoration he so evidently deserves. As it is, we trust that the spirit of justice is sufficiently strong in the country to voice a mighty protest against Pouren's extradition and to prevent the Federal officials from acting as the hangmen of the heroic champions of a free Russia.

Pouren must be freed!

* * *

A POLICEMAN is not usually selected for his learning or veracity,—and General Bingham is an ideal policeman. Not even his best friends would accuse him of tact or judgment. It were sheer folly to expect a Police Commissioner to know something about crime or criminals.

The recent declaration of General Bingham that the majority of New York criminals are Jews is in line with the doughty General's usual public utterances. Though famous stickler for "social precedence," the old warrior is constitutionally negligent. He never could learn to handle the truth as carefully as he does his revolver. Prison statistics indisputably prove that the percentage of Jewish criminals is practically a negligible quantity. In the New York penal institutions the Jews are by far in the minority, proportionately and absolutely. But the Commissioner, large-souled soldier that he is, never did care for such trivial things as facts.

Criminologists are well aware that the population of our jails doubles with every industrial depression. During the panic of 1893 the number of prisoners almost trebled.

Even worse conditions prevail to-day. Bingham feels moved to "explain" the prevalence of crime. In the face of accumulating proofs that the majority of New York criminals are in the Police Department, the chief thief-catcher cries "Crucify the Jews!" It is necessary to distract public attention from the multiplying charges of inefficiency and corruption. Fortunately, New Yorkers know Bingham too well to take him seriously. Otherwise he might be crowned an American Krushevan.*

* * *

NEGRO lynching by white barbarians is no rare occurrence in this civilized country. After every fresh outbreak of race antagonism the reactionary press, shedding copious crocodile tears, intones the old refrain, "Punish the law-breakers!" Even such a liberal publication as the Chicago *Public,* referring to the recent Springfield affair, calls for the "strict application of the law."

It might prove enlightening, however, to pause to consider whether the sacred divinity—called LAW—possesses deterrent power. It might also not be amiss to investigate the brutalizing effects of social revenge, euphoniously known as the "application of the law."

Collective murder crystalized in a statute is no less inhuman and far more atrocious than "unlawful" killing. The former is more cowardly and less pardonable than acts resulting from inflamed passions.

Mob brutality is not to be suppressed by governmental brutality. Nor can the law prevent sporadic expressions of race hatred.

The negro question is a social question. It will be solved like other social problems: through a clearer conception of underlying causes, better understanding of necessary racial difference, mutual appreciation, and solidaric feeling.

The law must as inevitably fail in suppressing lynches as it has failed in freeing the negro. Lincoln's gift proved no blessing to the black man. Gifts are always harmful. Liberty cannot be given. It must be conquered.

When the white worker learns to see in the black man his fellow-slave in the economic market; when the negro

---

* The infamous Russian professional Jew-baiter, who incited and organized the terrible pogroms at Kiev, Moscow, etc.

learns to fight for his rights; when both make common cause against a mutual exploiter, then only will the first step have been taken toward solving the negro question.

* * *

John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, has been promoted by the Civic Federation to a highly salaried position as an official of that organization.

A very profitable transaction—for Mitchell and the Federation. The former, as the exploiters' most loyal servant among influential labor leaders, fully deserves his promotion. The Federation now feels itself better equipped to achieve its objects: to hypnotize the workingman into a Nirvana-like contentment, leaving his interests to the loving care of the honorable gentlemen of the Civic Federation. Mitchell is the very man to assist in the "pacification" process. He declares that he will do his utmost to help "harmonize the mutual interests of labor and capital."

The tribe of Powderly, Sargent, and Mitchell will gradually help to open the eyes of labor. The workers are beginning to realize that slave and master can have no "mutual" interests. They will soon awaken to the treachery of their leaders who exploit labor as a stepping-stone to personal advancement. When the producers shall have fully awakened to the situation, they will have done with leaders. They will cease waiting for a Messiah to lead them out of the Egypt of wage slavery. They will do their own liberating.

* * *

Says Gompers: "Organized labor is intelligent enough to choose for itself the party which will best represent its interests." And he adds: "Workingmen, vote for Bryan! Those who take issue with my position are political renegades."

TO OUR READERS

A LITTLE over a year and a half ago I received a letter from our most ardent champion in Australia, Comrade Fleming, asking me to come to that far-off country. Comrade Fleming has for many years carried on a valiant fight against all superstition, and especially against that of politics, which has befogged the minds of the workers in Australia.

Of late there seems to have been quite an awakening among the more thoughtful people there, as to the futility of parliamentary action; and while Anarchism is far from being widely known in Australia, Comrade Fleming no doubt thinks that the soil is about ripe for our ideas. That must have been his reason for inviting me on a lecture tour; possibly also because our untiring comrade realized the impossibility of a single-handed fight.

At that time my thoughts were far from Australia. MOTHER EARTH had passed through a great deal of trouble after the Czolgosz number of October 1906, and I had all I could do to confine myself to our own needs. As it is, we are about as poor of active workers, not to speak of lecturers, as our movement is in Australia. Then, too, there was no reliable man to remain at the post in New York for any length of time. And last, but not least, a trip to Australia seemed to me quite an adventure which eighteen months ago, I had neither strength nor spirit to undertake.

Comrade Fleming, however, kept on urging me, assuring MOTHER EARTH a great success, if I would only come. After careful consideration, and now that our magazine is in the safe hands of Comrades Alexander Berkman and Hippolyte Havel,—the latter having been a silent, but most devoted worker on the magazine for over a year,—I have decided to venture the trip. Besides, since the American fleet has been so royally welcomed by the Australians, I feel confident that the publisher of MOTHER EARTH will receive no less a reception. Don't you think so?

To be able to sail for Australia in January, I have decided to begin my tour early this time, in the latter part of October. I shall have three months to cover a pretty large area between New York and San Francisco, at which port I shall embark. I shall therefore be able to

give cities along the route from one to two lectures.

Friends, this tour is to represent the battle royal for MOTHER EARTH. It is to be my last supreme effort to secure the magazine financially.

That MOTHER EARTH has friends—staunch and devoted friends—is best proven by this month's accounts of the Sustaining Fund,* in response to a personal letter, which the summer's hardships compelled me to send out. But the few who could and did help are not numerous enough to cover the monthly deficit; besides, I would rather not continue the magazine than burden my friends who have been so generous.

My last tour was undoubtedly a success, and, if added to this, I can cover new ground, I may be reasonably sure of accomplishing my cherished aim. The comrades who want to help make my tour a success, who want to arrange meetings, will communicate with me at once, as we have no time to lose. I shall have to give preference to the cities from which I hear first.

My list of subjects is not yet completed. I intend, however, to treat of the following themes:

The Dissolution of our Institution.
Puritanism, the Great Obstacle to Liberty.
The Psychology of Violence.
Marriage and Love.
Comrades, to Work!

Other subjects will be added.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE GENUINE TYPE IS ALWAYS SIMPLE

By W. C. OWEN.

"DON'T!" vehemently exclaims one of the characters in Oscar Wilde's "A Model Husband." "Don't use big words; they mean so little." It seems to me that nowadays, when hundreds of thousands make their living by appearing learned in literature, artistic criticism, and the various departments of what we are pleased to call the intellectual life, this is one of the most important lessons to take to heart. If Tolstoy had done

* See p. 303.

nothing else, surely he would have laid us all under an inestimable debt for his insistance on this fact. In our daily, bread and butter life—the life that deals with the things with which we are entirely familiar and that, therefore, we know—we appreciate all this. There we do our best to bring people to the point; we try to get them to be clear, to tell us just what they mean, to drop the non-essential. This is the way in which we always act as regards things that seem to us of real importance.

But when we pass to the consideration of public affairs it seems that we are not so particular, although we are then entering on a domain with which we are less familiar, for we cannot know the affairs of millions of human beings so intimately as we know our own. Here, therefore, the footing is less secure, and it becomes the more necessary that the light should be clear; that we should not tolerate those who strive to confuse us by introducing long arguments on matters about which they cannot be positive. Above all, when we consider how inevitable it is that those who find themselves elevated to the position of leadership should quickly come to believe in the magic of their own high-sounding phrases, ought we to insist more strenuously than ever on the rules that we observe in ordinary life.

I doubt if Miss De Cleyre can believe more firmly than I do in emotion, since I consider it the most powerful of facts; but what I am convinced of is that emotion is excited by what we know, or, at least, by what, for the time being, we think we know. Here is a man wild with passion because he has been cheated, slandered, or otherwise injured. To him, for the moment, this is the actual fact in life; something entirely different from a vague, historical theory; and for that very reason he is profoundly moved. Nothing is of any importance as compared with the righting of that wrong; and it is this frame of mind that must be called into existence before the talk of overthrowing institutions, so deeply rooted as those we now complain of, can be other than wild vaporing.

But if facts are all-important, logic is still more so; for logic is the process by which facts, which standing alone would be comparatively weak, are shown to be linked together, forming a powerful combination. I take an illustration from the recent Socialist convention at Chi-

cago. There one of the speakers congratulated his audience because the movement had never bothered itself with such a purely bourgeois subject as Free Trade and Protection. No one objected, and it is well recognized that this is the orthodox Socialist position. But what are the actual facts in the case, as shown by logic?

If a protective tariff means anything it is that, if you can get sufficient pull with the government, you will be granted a special privilege that will secure for your goods a higher price than they would otherwise fetch in the open market. It makes the government the fountain-head of fortune, and this is the essential principle of paternalism, the philosophy on which the entire policy of governmentalism is based and by which it must eventually stand or fall. Yet such a good Anarchist as Tucker dismisses the matter almost contemptuously with the scant remark that Protection is objectionable mainly because it encourages the misuse of capital.

Furthermore, it is evident that Protection calls into being an immense number of officials, charged with the enforcement of the protective measures, and that this adds to the power of the governing machine.

It is also infinitely the easiest way of collecting taxes, and enormous sums are gathered thus without rousing the people to the revolt that would inevitably ensue if the collection were direct. As has been well said: "Protection plucks the goose without allowing it to squawk." Thus again the hands of the enemy—government and special pivilege—are strengthened.

With the funds so collected the government is enabled to maintain a vast army and navy, and with these it proceeds to suppress in its own domains, and wherever else they may appear, all tendencies toward revolutionary change. It is enabled to enter on the imperial path, and fancies that it has a mission to police the world—the rôle that this government is now assuming with overweening ambition and energy.

Miss De Cleyre pays more for a hat than she would if there were no protective tariff. In itself the fact is insignificant, but I have taken it from its petty isolation and made it one of a powerful group of facts that appeal most forcibly to all who feel regarding the rights of op-

pressed nationalities, war, the crimes of governments, and so forth.

In his "God and the State" Bakunin speaks of revolutionists as driven onward by their passion for logic, and he is profoundly right. Emotion is the ultimate, but it can be reached only through what we know. The larger and more comprehensive the wrong of which we become conscious, as fact links itself to fact in our thinking apparatus, the deeper our emotional indignation.

In my last article I promised to give at least a glimpse of the boundless field of activity that is open for the Anarchist movement if it will till the fertile soil of fact and shun the barrens of unsubstantial theory. Already I have laid before my readers three essential facts: (1) That in the life we really know, and on the subjects we consider of paramount importance, we insist on simple, straight talk. (2) That logic, by grouping them, increases enormously the emotional power of facts. (3) That, by way of illustration, a great public question like Protection is petty when viewed piece-meal, but becomes saturated with revolutionary emotion when viewed comprehensively.

How many Anarchists are there who can explain, with the condensation and dramatic individualization necessary for a propaganda speech or brief article, the deadly poison of protection? How many know that, as Alfred Henry Lewis has shown recently, Carnegie's fortune—probably the largest in the world—is founded on the fact that he sells goods to the government at sixteen times the price that he can charge the private citizen? How many know that the primary cause of the Russian Revolution is not the crimes of this Tsar or that archduke, but the sickening poverty to which the peasant has been reduced by the protective system introduced by Witte, who undertook the job, refused by others, of supplying the autocracy with funds by additional taxation? This is shown most conclusively in Alexander Ular's "Russia from Within." I wrote a review of that book recently and sent a copy of my article to Emma Goldman, who acknowledged most frankly the immense force of the demonstration.

Although still in its infancy, the realistic school has shown already that the actual facts of life are far more

pregnant with emotion than the agreeable fictions of romantic writers. I do not believe that Zola, for instance, was a genius. To my mind he lacked the dramatic power that puts unforgettable types on the stage, but he possessed the courage to face facts and record them faithfully. As a result nobody can read such works as "La Terre" or "Germinal" without being profoundly impressed with the unspeakable struggle of what we call the labor question.

I have dealt briefly with the protective system, using it as an example of the power of facts when brought into logical combination. I propose now to take another great question much before the public, which the political Socialists industriously straddle—and what do they not straddle nowadays in their eagerness for votes?—but on which we Anarchists necessarily have the most pronounced opinion and one that we ought to voice in stentorian tones. I refer to Prohibition. Here is a question that can be settled promptly by an appeal to what people actually know: their daily experience. And it is only by applying that already mastered experience to the larger and more complicated problems of public policy that we can hope to treat the latter sanely.

Apply this rule to the Prohibition campaign, which, agitating half a continent and raising directly the question of liberty versus authority, is giving us enormous opportunities for propaganda. I myself have debated on several occasions with rabid Prohibitionists before highly fanatical audiences, and I have always found my method thoroughly satisfactory. I argue from the most simple and elementary premises. I say: "Mr. Jones, you know how it is at home. If you are always dictating to your wife or fellow-lodger what she or he must eat, or drink, or wear, there is bound to be constant trouble. We think that what we actually find true at home must also hold good abroad." The argument for liberty, supported by the known facts of every-day life, is made in the simplest manner, and genuine, sterling Anarchism is taught without indulgence in those scholastic vagaries beneath which the movement stifles. The proper test is applied; the experience of our every-day life, repeated with each of us over and over again, which, therefore, we actually know.

What do we really know outside of our constantly re-

peated experiences? I know, for example, that I became a Socialist not from books, or any reading about economic determinism, the class struggle, or all that exceedingly dubious philosophy with which we fret our brains, but from the poverty of a great city that stank beneath my nose. When I had money I found myself exceedingly unhappy and melancholy at the constant thought that I was living, a useless parasite, by levying tribute. When I ceased to have money I was, at least, equally unhappy over the perpetual tribute levied on me. It did not take any profound reasoning or erudite scholarship to convince me that, fix the thing which way I would, there was no genuine happiness for me under existing conditions.

The bowing and scraping of waiters has always been most distasteful to me, and I greatly dislike to put my fellow-beings into that position of inferiority which the acceptance of tips implies. On the other hand I boil with indignation when others order me about. I have found many, many men who share precisely my ideas on this subject, and I think they are all Anarchists at heart, hating alike the ordering or being ordered. These opinions, if not artificially interfered with by the abominable scholastic theorizing of a most disingenuous and overclever age, spring up of themselves, quite naturally, from the simple facts of life.

I plead, therefore, for a simple propaganda, based on the admitted facts of life. I maintain that this is the only scientific, and, therefore, the only truly strong propaganda. It can and should retain its simplicity while embracing all the activities in the midst of which we move. "Seize human life at every point; where'er you touch there's interest without end."

This morning a trivial but exceedingly suggestive thing happened to me. I paid my dog tax. In previous years I deposited my two dollars at the window, took my receipt, and walked away. To-day I had to visit no less than four windows that this most simple transaction might be put through with all the formalities of State. I suppose I have mentioned this to-day to twenty persons, commenting on the way in which politicians manufacture jobs for their adherents. Every one saw the point, and I think it was worth a ton of learned argument.

Such a propaganda as I advocate requires courage, for

it means what nearly all flinch from, actual work. It does not mean that you are to loaf on deck, dreaming pipe dreams of the good times ahead when the harbor shall have been reached, but it does mean that you yourself shall study the chart of the actual life you see around you, locate the hidden rocks and shoals, and yourself put your hand to the helm. It does not mean that you shall fritter away your time on the useless and presumptious folly of explaining what the slave shall do when he is free, but that you shall do the hard work necessary to make yourself a master in the art of expounding the existing slavery. It means that you must familiarize yourself with the methods of robbery, not only in the world at large, but in your own locality. It means that you must explain how the land speculator, whom you may dine opposite; the money shark, the lawyer, and the preacher, who are your neighbors, fleece and hoodwink the people. All this is much more dangerous and disagreeable than firing at Rockefeller, the Kaiser, or the Tsar, a thousand miles away. But unfortunately it is the shot at close range that tells.

* * *

THE RIGHT TO "STEAL"

A REJECTED COMMUNICATION.

In the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish.

—*Carlyle.*

No human laws are of any validity if contrary to the law of nature. —*Blackstone.*

In every civilized nation there is a permanent population of about two million individuals who ask only for work, but to whom work is denied. —*Prince Kropotkin.*

In our epoch it is only men completely devoid of all moral sense who can be rulers, emperors, kings, generals, or influential members of Parliament. Those men only occupy their positions in consequence of their moral decadence.

—*Count Tolstoy.*

We have arrived at one of those supreme moments in which one world is destroyed, and another is to be created.

—*Mazzini*

It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs.

I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled? —*Jesus Christ.*

To the Editor of the COMMERCIAL APPEAL:

Neither the wild ranting, nor the weak moralizing, of the capitalistic press will serve to stem the tide of the Social Revolution—which is even now about to break upon us like a thunderbolt from heaven, to sweep away forever the terrible inequalities and abuses that have grown up under our decaying social and economic system, and to pave the way for the universal brotherhood of man. But I cannot—as a Revolutionary Anarchist—permit to go unanswered statements contained in your editorial, "One Crime No Excuse for Another," in which you seek to pass adverse judgment upon the declaration of William D. Haywood, before the Socialists of Philadelphia, that, if a man is out of employment and starving, he has the right to steal.

That Haywood has been "classed" as an "undesirable citizen" by our present Dictator of Public and Private Affairs, Theodore Roosevelt—"president" of the Greater American Empire—has nothing to do with the case. But even if it did, such "classification" could have but little weight with some of us, who, as American citizens, born and bred in the bone, have the same freedom of private judgment and of public utterance as the audacious autocrat who now assumes imperial authority over a free people as president of the paternal "Republic." For there are those of us who still live in the light of the fires of freedom that were kindled by the hand of the tyrant in the dauntless souls of our revolutionary sires; those of us who still hold our most precious heritage to be the inalienable rights bought by the blood of our forefathers—of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness within these United States—and who acknowledge priority of claim to these rights and privileges to no pernicious upstart that may be set up to rule over us.

"No doubt," you say, "there are evils and wrongs to be remedied and some distorted social and economic conditions to be set right; but the disease, such as it is, cannot be reached and cut out by resorting to acts condemned by the laws of both man and God."

Yes, there are "some" distorted conditions to be set right—when there are, by last accounts, 90,000 men out of employment on the streets of New York, 80,000 in

Chicago, and God only knows how many more all over the world! And the land is filled with plenty—the product of the poor man's sweat; and the rich man's larder overflows—he has food for his idle dogs!

You admit that it is a crime for a man to be out of employment and starving, when he is willing and able to work. But it is "condemned by the laws of God" for the hungry human wretch to "steal" what he himself has produced—in order to sustain, for future service, that life on which all wealth depends! It is condemned by the laws of God for the laborer, when he is starving and begging for work, to take forcible possession of the bare means of subsistence, when the opportunity to produce it, or to earn its equivalent, is denied him by the brute in human form who hoards the social product, for the selfish and degraded pleasure of playing at his despicable game of *Barter*—in human blood and tears! And yet we feed the hungry hound, and the rich man's horse is over-fed! The pampered pug is stuffed to satiety; the gentleman's pup relishes rich morsels; mi-lady's lap-dog—that "toils not, neither does he spin"—licks lazily the dainty hand that deals out to it the choicest delicacies, resting his rotting fat and worthless bones on eider-down: and the bitter cry of the childre onf men goes up to God—*for bread!* The Bible says, "the workman is worthy of his meat."

"And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." (*The Gospel according to St. Luke,* III. 10-11.)

The "divine law-giver," on whose words and deeds has been built up all that is best in modern civilization, taught a different doctrine. "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," said that mighty man of God to the ruling classes of his time. "For I was hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. . . . Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." "Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. . . . But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation.

. . . Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."

When going through the corn, the followers of Jesus Christ were hungry and plucked the ears and began to eat, he defended them by quoting the acts of David—and those who were with him—who, when he was hungered, entered into the house of God, and did eat the shewbread, "which was not lawful for him to eat." Surely this example is not bestowed in vain. Bread was made for man—not man for bread.

I deny that the Socialist "preaches theft as an economic doctrine." I challenge any man, imbued with a sense of justice, humanity, and truth, to attempt to defend such a position. I assert that such a statement proceeds from ignorance or willful misrepresentation. It is manifestly absurd to maintain that a doctrine of "theft" would enlist the support of more than ten millions of honest workingmen in the world to-day; or that any idea so unworthy, as is intended to be implied by such designation, should have been embraced and expounded, in any form, by such men of character and intellect as the philanthropist, Robert Owen; the philosophers and economists, Fourier, Godwin, Saint Simon, Lassalle, John Stuart Mill, Proudhon, Karl Marx, or Henry George; the mathematician, Condorcet; the reformer, Thoreau; the patriot, Mazzini, the moral teachers and prophets of literature, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, or Tolstoy; the scientists, Prince Kropotkin or Elisée Reclus; the poets, Edward Carpenter or William Morris.

If you realize that there *is* crime, somewhere, under the existing system, and "distorted social and economic conditions to be set right," you had best set about finding the cause and the cure; for these conditions must be changed, or else all our boasted civilization will go to ruin. If the existing injustice and wrong were evidenced only by isolated and unusual instances of suffering, there might be some excuse for the brutal indifference of those who do not themselves feel the pinch of poverty and the pangs of hunger; but the social disease is widespread and universal, as every observer and student of human affairs is forced to admit.

You acknowledge that there *is* crime in such conditions, but you make no effort to find the cause nor place the

blame. If the man that works, and is constantly crying for bread, the product of his toil—not to feed horses, dogs, and hired retainers, not to "keep up an establishment," but to keep alive his half-fed children, the future workers of the world; if the workman is not to blame, then it must be the capitalist, who, like the dog in the manger, sleeps on the feed of the honest beast of burden. There is no other alternative—unless you say, stupidly, "it is simply the condition," and let it go at that, and go on in your blindness until you are awakened from your sleep of selfishness and ignorance by the rumbling of the Revolution. "The condition"—that you accept and bow to as the inevitable—is precisely what we reject, and determine to overcome. Who, then, is responsible for the condition that works such terrible hardship upon one portion of the human race and permits such useless privileges to another? Obviously those who uphold an evil and abominable condition must be held accountable by those who suffer from its iniquitous effects.

It is just possible that it is you, and not the Socialist, who "has evidently given this subject too little thought."

Under the given circumstances it has been conceded that a man is justifiable in "stealing" to satisfy his actual hunger by some of the leading exponents of morality under our present system—including even men foremost in the Church.

If there is any moral law or justice in the universe, there can be no wrong in a man helping himself to that which he is in actual need of to sustain his life; to that which he himself has labored to produce for the sustenance of the human race; to that which has been taken possession of by others of more shrewdness and cunning, and is hoarded by them, or expended for no good nor worthy purpose in the sight of God. *Theirs* is the crime—who have that to throw away which a suffering brother needs to preserve his life and the lives of his crying children! *Theirs* is the crime—who have money to burn in the lusts of the flesh, while their brothers are staggering under the burdens that all of us should bear or share! *Theirs* is the crime—who wallow like hogs in the mire of luxurious self-indulgence, and waste their ill-gotten gains upon all manner of idle, useless, and vicious things, when they might spend their substance and their energies in

fulfilling the will of God and the law of righteousness, by trying to do something for the salvation of the poor and down-trodden, who bear on their backs the weight of the world! *Theirs* is the blame who have "no time" to *help* their fellow-man, because all their time and thought and skill are taken up in trying to "get the better of him," in systematically robbing him of every thing that is his, by every moral law on earth, and in then devising means to defend themselves in their inhuman "rights."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith." "Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition." . . . "But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

When the workers of the world—without whose labor we could not live a day—driven by necessity at last to desperation, rise in their might and throw off the bonds of iniquity and the chains of tyranny with which they are bound, in body and in soul; when in wisdom and in power, they rise as one man all over the world, declare their independence of the wage slavery that is at the bottom of all our economic wrongs, lay "violent" hands upon their own accumulated product and distribute it freely among *all* men; when they take forcible possession of all sources of production and distribution—of the land and tools, the raw material, and machinery, which are now in absolute control of the few who cannot, or will not, use them for the general welfare—and reorganize our industries and continue the processes necessary to civilization, upon the higher plane of benefit to all who bear the burden of life;—*who* will say that they are "thieves"? None will be left to so accuse them: for these mean and petty things of putrid flesh and stagnant blood —the present rulers of the world—who love their power, their property, their privileges better than their brothers' souls, shall be swept from off the earth by the raging storm of Revolution—or purged and purified by the fires of wrath that are even now beginning to burn with fury in the breast of an outraged and uprising humanity!

The idle parasites who live in luxury upon the hoarded

product of the labor of their struggling fellow-men, in the form of *interest,* and whose "business" is to suck the life-blood out of the heart of their toiling brother, in the form of *profits* from his labor; our modern masters and governors, the employers of labor and "captains of industry," who with an iron hand wring gold from the sweat of the workman's brow, to be welded into chains of slavery; who give him a stone or bullets when he begs for bread or work, and the iron bars of a prison when he is homeless and seeks for shelter; who pass him tramping the highway in their gilded cars of sin; who dress themselves in silks and furs from the work he does in rags;—*these* are the enemies of mankind, who frustrate every pure and noble effort of human nature to rise above the beast, who defeat the highest development and progress of the mind of man, who crush beneath their cloven hoofs the flower of the immortal soul!

"For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

The appropriation and possession by force of accumulated "surplus values," arising from the exploitation of labor; the extortion of tribute for the use of the tools of production and distribution; the appropriation and possession of the "unearned increment," accruing from the private "ownership" of land; the exaction of additional service, or an equivalent, for the use of the medium of exchange; these are the forms of legalized injustice and robbery which have been erected into institutions claiming the highest moral sanction, to which you demand submission as the "laws of God." You demand that we stand and deliver, submitting to wrong and robbery even unto death! You demand that *we* be angels, that *you* may remain beasts of prey!

"Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition?"

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer. . . . Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

W. ARMISTEAD COLLIER, JR.

Memphis, Tenn.

RUSSIA'S MESSAGE

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

THE Russian Revolution is but in the making. A complete and thorough estimate of its world-import is reserved for the future chroniclers of history. Meanwhile we must content ourselves with gathering loosely strewn material, to sift the fragments and documents.

The influence which this stupendous drama has exerted upon the Russian people, the revolutionary movement of the world, and especially upon the Oriental nations is already apparent. Its far-reaching power, however, will make itself felt later. At present we are still in the midst of the battle, our finger upon the pulse of the movement.

The numerous works on Russian affairs that have recently flooded the market are naught but impressionistic sketches superficially drawn by journalistic authors. Some are, no doubt, quite interesting and instructive; not, however, of lasting import. A book of exceptional value is Mr. William English Walling's work, "Russia's Message: The True World Import of the Revolution," published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Thorough understanding of a great struggle, full knowledge of its underlying principles, and deep sympathy with Russia's heroic champions mark Mr. Walling's effort a standard work on the Russian Revolution.

Two striking features of this book deserve special mention. The brilliant characterization of the Russian peasant, hitherto so cruelly misrepresented and misunderstood, and the emphasis of the influence of the Russian Revolution upon the entire civilized world.

The author shows in a most convincing manner that Russia conveys to the world a vital message, the attempt to solve an all-absorbing problem: the reorganization of human society.

The Revolution embodies not merely Russian issues; its force is also directed against the financial powers of the world. A speedy victory is therefore not so easily achieved, much as all justice loving people may desire it.

Indeed, we stand before a long and desperate battle, a battle of greater dimensions than the French Revolution,

one that will truly justify the significant remark of Carlyle, "the account day of a thousand years."

The spirit of Tsarism is rampant in all countries, but more than anywhere in our own Republic. Mr. Walling must have realized that when he dedicated his work to the men and women who in all walks of life are contending against the forces that are trying to introduce into America the despotism and class-rule of eastern Europe; to all those who, in the traditional revolutionary American spirit, are leading our country against all the reactionary tendencies prevailing in politics, morality, education, literature, and science, to its great democratic and social world-destiny.

The Russian Revolution has filled the proletariat of the world with new hope. The opportunistic coolie-tactics of the Neo-Marxists had extinguished the revolutionary fire of a large portion of the working class. Revolutionists have been ridiculed as Utopians, or scorned as ignoramuses. The idea of armed resurrections has been discarded as out of date, and the General Strike declared to be general nonsense.

The events in Russia have proved the absurdity of our Marxian pseudo-scientists.

In October, 1905, the workers of Russia gave to the world an example of the General Strike upon a national basis, which resulted in the renowned Manifesto, the first guarantee of liberty ever wrenched from the Tsars. When the bloody Nicholas betrayed the trust of his people, an armed resurrection resulted. And in one week, justly says Mr. Walling, were belied the theories of a whole generation of revolutionary but timid European Socialists, and a century of military dogmas on the hopelessness of insurrection.

A great lesson remains fixed in the minds of all the revolutionists, especially of the workingmen—the possible success of guerilla tactics in a modern city.

In Moscow the revolutionaries succeeded with a little body of armed men, far inferior numerically to the army to which they were opposed, in holding several days large portions of the city. Their success was due to the enthusiastic support of the population.

Both friends and foes have painted the Russian moujik, representing by far the largest proportion of the Russian

people, in a highly prejudiced manner. It is, therefore, refreshing indeed to find a non-Russian who has shown us the unfortunate victim of terrible abuse as he really is. That alone marks the true and earnest champion of a people.

Thanks to Mr. Walling, the English-reading public will see at last that the Russian peasant is neither a saint-worshipping cretin brutalized by drink, nor a Jew baiter adoring the "Little Father," nor even an incurable sectarian. On the contrary, he is a good-natured being, with a deep social spirit, a character we have learned to love through the portraitures of Turgeniev and Tolstoy. The myth of his dull submission, too, has been dispelled. We know now that the moujik is an untiring rebel, whose wonderful heroism in the battle against his vampires is of centuries' duration. That he is absolutely essential to a free Russia has been recognized by all Revolutionists, excepting such political wiseacres as Lenin and Plechanov. Because of that, the party of the Revolutionary Socialists, as well as the Anarchists, have directed their main energies to the awakening of the peasant.

The Russian peasantry has always been an eminently rebellious people, and the tradition of rebellion has been revered and kept alive for hundreds of years. Over two centuries ago, almost immediately after the institution of serfdom, occurred the revolt of Stenka Razin, in which millions of peasants took part.

More than a hundred years ago half of peasant Russia was infected with the rebellion of the serfs against their masters, under the leadership of Pougatchev. In this rebellion hundreds of thousands of peasants died, apparently in vain, for freedom. But neither the authorities nor the peasants have ever forgotten the event. Stenka Razin and Pougatchev are still the most popular heroes.

The great emancipation of the serfs was accomplished neither from philanthropic motives nor from economic considerations, but from a highly justified fear of immediate revolution.

The first Duma was dissolved, not on account of the revolutionary political measures or the radical social reforms of the constitutional majority, but because the peasant deputies were making ominous preparations for social revolution. All government changes since the fall

of 1905, along with innumerable false promises of changes, have been aimed at the growing peasant discontent. All real concessions were made during or after the time of hundreds of armed peasant revolts.

And what is the outcome? The peasants feel that they have forced the government to terms. They are not grateful as they would have been had the changes been freely granted. They are only crying for more. Nothing short of full social and economic freedom will satisfy them.

The Russian upheaval is a conscious social movement, and this is why it may develop into the most portentous historic event. Like former revolutions and civil wars in Europe and America, it claims for the citizens the political rights of men. But unlike any preceding national cataclysm, it insists on social as well as political rights, on economic equality, on the right of every man to as much land as he can till, and of no man to more, and on the right of all the people to all the land for all time.

This evolutionary process is in the direction of Anarchist Communism, as can easily be gathered from the interviews the author of "Russia's Message" has had with many distinguished Russian thinkers. It is, therefore, to be regretted that Mr. Walling uses, in a certain passage, the term Anarchy in the popular sense, that of chaos. A literateur of his calibre, one who is undoubtedly conversant with the philosophy of Anarchism, should never stoop to such misrepresentation.

Three giant names, Bakunin, Kropotkin, and Tolstoy, point the way to liberation: Bakunin as organizer, Kropotkin as the scientific expounder, and Tolstoy as the awakener of the social consciousness.

"Russia's Message" will render important service to the revolutionary movement of Russia, as well as that of the entire world. It is to be hoped that this work may receive the recognition it merits so well.

LABOR DAY

A PAPER PREPARED FOR THE MEETING OF THE UNEMPLOYED AT COOPER INSTITUTE, SEPT. 7TH.

LABOR DAY! What a deep and significant meaning that term implies! Labor, the creator of wealth, the nourisher of the human race, the harbinger of peace and happiness,—Labor having its day, Labor arisen from the abyss, from out of the mines and mills and shops, from out of its pale, trembling, cringing condition, Labor, the mighty giant, conscious of its power, celebrating its great day of regeneration. What a wonderfully sublime and inspiring vista!

Such it might be, nay, will be some day. But to-day, what is it to-day? A ghastly lie, a caricature, a mocking, fiendish monster, sapping the very life element from its slaves, that its masters may become more powerful, more exacting. Yes, look at the thousands of workers who are marching to-day, I mean those whom the fiend labor holds in its clutches, what has labor done for them? True, it has given them bread for the moment, a cover over their heads, and possibly an extra coat, but what has it not taken in return, oh! what has it not taken from its ever yielding victims? It has taken their souls, their dignity, their self-respect, it has condemned them to carry the burdens of the world, a hard, cruel, merciless world, wherein they have no place, no rights, no chances. It has stolen their liberty that others may better enslave them.

And you, army of unemployed, you men and women of the road and the street, you countless numbers, who carry the banner, month after month, week after week, you, with empty stomachs and dull, heavy heads, with hunger and despair lurking in your eyes, what has labor done for you?

Hundred thousand men out of work in the city of New York—homeless, shelterless, clothless, foodless, in this city of wealth and affluence. Who dares speak of Labor Day in the face of this awful spectacle?

The "Evening Post" of September 5th in discussing the significance of Labor Day says: "It is a well-established tradition of American business affairs that Labor Day marks the end of holiday and idleness. On the morning

of the Tuesday following the first Monday in September, the average American, metaphorically speaking, throws his coat off and gets to work." What wonderful wisdom our newspapers feed their readers on.

A well-established tradition, indeed; we Americans are full of traditions, but whoever lives up to them? We also boast of well-established tradition of free speech, press and assembly, yet we could not have marched without the grace of the police commissioner, yet we could not express ourselves, if the club should decree against it, yet men and women are dragged off the platforms and imprisoned, if they dare exercise that "well established tradition." Ah, we have loads of traditions, we Americans, *on paper.*

"Labor Day marks the end of holiday and idleness." You men have had a holiday and have been idle, not by choice, but by grim, iron necessity. Have you enjoyed either? Have you been merry-making with your wives and children? Have you feasted on nature's gifts? Have you strengthened your body in the invigorating embrace of the ocean? Or has not the street, the alleys, the gutter, the filthy quarters of tenth-rate saloons, the road, the box cars, been your holiday places?

To-day is to mark the end of idleness, and you, average Americans, are to throw off your coats and begin work?

Is there any one here who is not ready for it? But where, where is that all powerful, omnipotent God—Labor —that will give you a chance?

The end of idleness, yes, some day, when Society will have embraced the human family into a great brotherhood, —the end of idleness only when man realizes that labor has the power of his Liberation and not his damnation. When you and I will become conscious, that you and I must make labor subservient to us, to our needs, our happiness, our joy, and that *we* must stop being subservient to labor. Not until then will the end of idleness come.

But what now? What is to be done with the great host who are only too ready to throw off their coats—tatters would be a more appropriate term—and to set to work:

First and foremost to organize, to organize the unemployed from the Atlantic to the Pacific into a great body of men, not cringing slaves, who are satisfied with a chunk of bread and a cup of coffee, men, who want food, and who will demand it as loud as their stomach dictates.

Men, who will demand that some of the money, that city officials appropriate for themselves, should be used in building homes, where the unemployed shall find rest during the day and sleep at night, men who will insist that kindergartens and playhouses shall be erected, where the children of that vast army will be looked after. Who will demand that the cities shall have fewer churches, and fewer policemen, and that the money spent in keeping these breeders of superstition and crime shall be used in building large dining-halls for the unemployed.

I realize that these demands are but paliative, that they can not eradicate the unemployed question, but there is nothing that can eradicate that awful problem, except organized stalwart, brave, daring demands.

When we have learned to demand these immediate reliefs, we will also have learned to demand labor's true day—the day that will feast the dawn of human brotherhood and social well-being.

E. G.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

The recent savage outbreak of the authorities failed to weaken the combative powers of the General Federation of Labor.

The officers of that powerful organization who have been incarcerated after the bloody skirmish at Villeneuve —Saint-Georges, Griffuelhes, Pouget, Yvetot, Maucolin, Dret, and Marie, were replaced by a new Executive Committee, the latter immediately taking steps for the preparation of monster protest meetings against the outrageous prosecutions.

The French proletariat is displaying great solidarity. At the very moment when the entire bourgeois press is clamoring for the dissolution of the Federation, the Miners' Union, with a membership of 60,000, has joined that organization as a protest against the government and in evidence of solidarity with their struggling brothers.

The Typographical Union recently held a tremendous meeting condemning the massacre of workingmen and severely criticizing the opportunistic labor leaders.

The revolutionary workers of France are not alone in

their struggle. They have the moral support of revolutionary labor the world over.

* * *

General Wroblewski, an important figure in the latter period of the Paris Commune, died on the fifth of August.

Like the brothers Dombrovski, Wroblewski participated in the Polish insurrection of 1863, after which he joined the forces of Garibaldi.

Cluseret, War Minister of the Commune, entrusted Wroblewski with an important post which the latter defended for a considerable time against the Versailles troops with only 12,000 soldiers at his command. After a desperate struggle he succeeded in escaping to England, remaining there until the amnesty made his return to France possible.

GERMANY.

The shoemaker Wilhelm Voigt who, masquerading in a captain's uniform and attended by several privates held up the Mayor of Koepenick at the City Hall, taking possession of the treasury, was recently pardoned by the Kaiser.

Voigt's daring act was a satire on Prussian militarism and caused Homeric mirth all over the world.

Der Freie Arbeiter thus comments upon Voigt's pardon:

Comrade Rudolf Oestreich was condemned to prison for his article in *re* Voigt. Three years for the man who fought militarism, the very militarism so decisively discredited by the act of Voigt. The bourgeois and Socialist press almost totally ignored the terrible outrage upon Comrade Oestreich, whose sole life-aim is to kindle in the public heart the love of peace. Voigt was praised and adored; he found sympathy and defenders, and finally a pardon. But the sincere champion of higher ideals is permitted to be quietly buried behind stone walls. The same fate also befell Comrade Liebsch, who was sentenced to six years' State prison at Hamburg.

* * *

Freie Generation, a monthly edited by Comrade Pierre Ramus, has entered upon its third year.

The first issue of the new year is dedicated to the memory of Michael Bakunin. Comrade Grandjouan, the

French artist known to the readers of MOTHER EARTH through his cover design of 1907, has contributed a new and masterful portrait drawing of Bakunin.

The magazine is published at 74 Werftstr., Berlin.

SWITZERLAND.

We commented in our last issue upon the extradition of Vassilyev, the Russian revolutionist who had been turned over to the executioners of the Tsar.

The entire revolutionary press of Europe is occupied with this case, severely criticizing the attitude of the Swiss Socialists. The latter are represented in the government of the Cantons of Zürich, Basel, and St. Gallen, as well as in the legislative bodies of other Cantons. They had even elected one of their comrades as Regierungspraesident. Yet what has this so-called powerful party done for their Russian comrade? Nothing at all, except that a few protest resolutions were adopted.

In contradistinction to such cowardly indifference are the untiring efforts of the Intellectuals. Our comrades of Roman Switzerland, too, left nothing undone to prevent the outrage against Vassilyev. They even issued a call for a General Strike. Unfortunately the success of the project was frustrated by the slavish loyalty of the political Socialists.

BOHEMIA.

The government has dissolved the syndicalist organization "Ceska federace vsech odboru" (Federation of all Trades). It has also ordered the arrest of its most active officiales. The indictment against the Federation comprises charges of unlawful agitation among the workingmen, and inciting to riot.

CHINA.

Our Chinese contemporary, *Equity*, reports that the organization Che-Min-Se has inaugurated an energetic agitation among the peasants. The objects of the new organization are to investigate the condition of the peasants, the majority of whom are in destitute circumstances; to ascertain the extent to which the peasants are exploited by the mandarins, and to carry on a systematic propaganda —educational and revolutionary—among the Chinese agricultural population.

PORTUGAL.

Our Comrades Avila, Cordoba, Machado, and Adâo, arrested in connection with the assassination of King Carlos, are still awaiting trial.

The capitalist papers are keeping silent on the matter, though they raised no end of a rumpus when members of their own tribe were placed under arrest.

* * *

A group of young comrades have recently started a new Anarchist publication, *O Protesta.* The journal is vigorously opposing all political parties, including the Republicans; the latter are no less reactionary in their attitude upon the social question than the Monarchists.

O Protesta can be procured at Rua dos Corrieiros, 25-50, Lisbon.

JAPAN.

On the 22nd of July some sixty Socialists and Anarchists gathered at Tokio to welcome their comrades released from the Gexo-yamaguceu prison. After the close of the meeting the Anarchists left the hall singing revolutionary songs and waving red flags inscribed, "Revolution, Anarchism, Communism!" The police ordered the banners furled. Their orders being ignored, there resulted a hand-to-hand fight, in which several policemen were injured and fourteen comrades arrested, among them four women.

ITALY.

G. Macco, editor of *Guerra Sociale,* of Turin, was sentenced to four years and seven months' prison because of his article entitled "Awaiting the Executioner."

Guerra Sociale is the organ of the militant anti-militarists.

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

RECEIPTS.

Dr. M. A. Cohn	$25.00
A Friend, New York	25.00
Free Speech League, New York	25.00
Alden Freeman, East Orange, N. J.	10.00
M. Hornstein, London, Ont., Can.	10.00
Henry Roberts, Butte, Mont.	10.00
John Allen, Cleveland, O.	7.00
Dr. E. Robbins, Brooklyn	5.00
H. Rosen, Toronto, Canada	5.00
W. Kipfer, New York	5.00
J. F. Linton, Columbus, O.	5.00
Mrs. K. Beck, Portland, Ore.	5.00
Charles Steinhauser, New Ulm, Minn.	5.00
J. A. Burrie, Cleveland, O.	3.00
Mrs. N. Seldes, Pittsburg, Pa.	3.00
C. Clark, Los Angeles, Cal.	3.00
Dr. Geo. Pyburn, Sacramento, Cal.	2.50
L. Bartholdi, New York	1.00
Dr. M. Mishum, New York	1.00
Miss Bertha Howe, New York	1.00
T. F. Meade, New York	1.00
A. M. Muchnick, Pittsburg	1.00
H. Kuehn, Chicago	1.00
A. Gietzen, New Hampshire	1.00
J. B. Finney, Springfield, Mo.	1.00
J. Nielsen, Polo Alto, Cal.	1.00
List No. 20 per M. and L. Kislink, Atlantic City, N. J.	6.50
Subscriptions and renewals	32.55
Total	$201.55

EXPENDITURES.

Deficit, as per Aug. account	$344.53
Cost and office expenses, Aug. M. E.	180.00
Cost of pamphlet "WHAT I BELIEVE"	75.00
Total	$599.53

Total expenditures	599.53
Total receipts	201.55
Deficit	$397.98

WHAT I BELIEVE

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

Reprinted from the New York World of July 19, 1908

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Published by Mother Earth Publishing Association
210 East 13th Street, New York

DO YOU BELIEVE

That We Humans are as important as Pigs, Potatoes and Pups?

Do you believe that we "grown-ups," and even the Children, should know as much about ourselves as we know about Fishes, Flowers and Frogs?

Do you believe in Better Progeny, a More Elevated Race, anyway?

If so, send $1.25 for a year's subscription to the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS, and be in the Van of Human Progress.

Published monthly at 649 South Main St., Los Angeles, California, U. S. A. Samples ten cents. Trial three months, with pamphlet "Institutional Marriage," 30 cents stamps.